

Good Morning S84

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

MRS. Trapp, after a long while, writes again to express sympathy at an unfortunate incident that happened to the office recently.

Glad to say no one was hurt Mrs. Trapp, though since then the dose has been repeated. Of course the joint was turned upside down and it looked more like a mad-house than ever, but we all lived through it.

So Ivy Grove Villa is called "Sceptre Villa" now. "They are grand lads," Mrs. Trapp says.

Seems the monkey, Jane, likes them too, on account of they brought her back some bananas.

In a letter from the Far East, a reader tells her that the picture we published of a party at the house was a "touch of home." I can appreciate that because there certainly are few places more like home than that certain house in Cromwell Street, Dunoon.

You may have met the young brother of Peter Heather. The letter tells me that Harold has got his wings in Canada, and will be home soon.

I was glad, too, to have news of Tuna, though now, I believe, the crew has changed around again. Anyway, any Tuna crew will always find an especial welcome at Mrs. Trapp's home. The visitors' book now contains 250 names—the first is dated June of last year.

Thirty-five submariners write regularly to Mrs. Trapp. (If I were unkind, I would say: I'm surprised so many men in submarines can write, because you never write to us, but I'll resist, and say I hope you keep up your letters to this sweetheart of the trade.)

COMMANDER J. S. Dalison, R.N., commander of an escort group known as the "Fighting Fortieth," lost a much-prized cigarette case while travelling by train to his home in Upwey, Weymouth.

The case was given to Commander Dalison as a birthday present by an Italian friend in Shanghai in 1929. It bore an inscription, in Italian: "With much friendship," and the donor's signature: "Primo Longo Bardo."

During the present war, Primo Bardo became one of Italy's best-known submarine commanders.

In June, 1942, Commander Dalison sent H.M.S. Lulworth, one of the vessels of his escort group, to search for a U-Boat reported south of the Azores.

The submarine was found and sunk after a spirited action which she fought out on the surface. Two officers and 35 men of her crew were taken prisoner.

The officers were taken before Commander Dalison who offered them cigarettes from his case.

He asked them if they recognised the signature engraved on the case. The two Italians



MAKES A NICE CHANGE!
Submariners putting in at Beirut get plenty of sport. Ski-ing on the snowy slopes of the Hills of Lebanon is just what the doctor ordered—thinks this party.

turned pale with astonishment as they read it. "Primo Bardo was our captain," they exclaimed.

Primo and four of his officers were killed when a shell from Lulworth struck the conning tower of the U-Boat. The Italian captain's last words were: "Fight to the last!"

As a result of the publication of the story of the lost cigarette case in a local newspaper the finder returned it to Commander Dalison, who treasures it as a reminder of a good friend and a gallant enemy.

NOW, Stoker Harry Murphy, you will probably be very shocked at our ignorance, but no one here got the meaning of your final paragraph of the very interesting letter we had from you recently.

You ask us who washed the dishes at the last supper, and you try to help us out by saying it wasn't White Watch. That's too much, brother, but we are prepared to buy it at your price.

Sure, we will let you have some prints of the photographs our correspondent took at your home. I have been in touch with him, and soon you should hear from us again.

It's kind of you to flatter the efforts of "Good Morning's" editorial staff. We are trying to give you a paper with the maximum amount of interest, and the letters that are arriving more regularly now are a great help.

I'm sorry, too, that you are not permitted to give more details about your untiring efforts. Anyway, even if you could, I wouldn't be permitted to repeat anything, as you will appreciate.

Looking back at your letter again, I see that puzzle at the end, so I must shut down.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Many a Famous Speaker has his mannerisms—the tricks of his trade—and ROBERT DE WITT tells you something about them

THESE ARE MERE TRICKS

EVERY famous speaker has his individual secrets and his personal mannerisms. Any one who has seen Mr. Churchill speak must wonder what he would do if he had no lapels on his coat, for catching hold of them with his hands is one of his characteristic mannerisms.

Another, seen more often in Parliament, perhaps, than in public speeches, is to manoeuvre his spectacles. Many public speakers have used their spectacles to emphasise their points, but Mr. Churchill, I think, is the first to use two pairs of spectacles.

One of them apparently is a pair that enables him to glance at his notes lying on the desk or table in front of him almost without appearing to do so. You may have noticed that he wears these rather low down his nose. The other is a pair which he uses for reading without "deception."

This second pair he dons when he is going to read a quotation. He pauses, removes his ordinary spectacles, produces the other pair. The pause can be most effective. On one occasion in the House of Commons he got the two pairs of spectacles mixed up and he found himself with a pair of spectacles in each hand. Such a position might have embarrassed a less-experienced and self-possessed orator. It worried Mr. Churchill not at all. He tried the two pairs rapidly and then put on those he wanted.

Another statesman who makes play with spectacles is the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. John Curtin. His mannerism is to polish his spectacles, almost as if cleaning them might make his audience see his point more clearly!

Mr. Herbert Morrison's mannerism with spectacles is to take them on and off during a speech. I have been able to detect no "system" in the moments he chooses, and presume it is just a habit.

Mr. Churchill always has a glass of water handy when speaking, but does not often use it. Marshal Stalin has recourse to his glass of water when his audience is applauding. He is perhaps one of the most unemotional of all modern orators, and appears to be

giving a "report" rather than a speech.

Only the close-up of a film enables you to see his characteristic mannerism—patting his knees with his hands at moments of emphasis.

Speakers could be divided into classes, according to what they lean on. Some, like Mr. Winant, the U.S. Ambassador to St. James's, prefer the back of a chair. Others like to rest their hands on a table.

The late Lord Balfour had the curious habit in the House of Commons of leaning one

Lloyd George emphasises a point by smacking his right hand into the palm of his left. President Kallinin, of the U.S.S.R., strokes his big beard almost judiciously at certain points.

In the preparation of their speeches statesmen vary enormously. Mr. Churchill is immensely painstaking and writes his "big" speeches sentence by sentence. His feats in learning speeches by heart are well known, but even when he reads, he does so without it being realised by his audience. There is none of the constant dropping of the eyes to a manuscript which makes so many speakers seem awkward in "close-ups" in news reels.

No one has ever yet heard Mr. Churchill deliver a speech which sounded as if it were being read. His "trick" is to read a complete sentence rapidly, but not to speak a word until he has raised his eyes and has them on his audience.

For speeches written in full, Mr. Churchill uses a typewritten copy. But it is typewritten in a particular style.

It looks almost like verse, for the matter is divided into sections according to their rhythm, each little section of anything from two to twenty words being divided from the preceding one by double lines, and each sentence, as distinct from section, being set out with the beginning of the first line a little nearer the left-hand margin.

A Canadian journalist who had the opportunity of examining a copy of the speech Mr. Churchill delivered in the Canadian House of Commons, came to the conclusion he had typed it himself. This was based on typing errors that would not have been made by a skilled secretary!

Whether this was the case or not is Mr. Churchill's secret, for neither he nor his staff will say anything. It is certainly an astonishingly effective method of setting out his fine prose, and one notes that the now famous phrase, "Some chicken, some neck," was typed:

**Some chicken!
Some neck!!**

which is the way it sounded when he delivered it!



USELESS EUSTACE
Get the penicillin, Fairbrother, 60,000 germs are now isolated in one pocket and are about to be quickly wiped out!

elbow on the Clerk's table. Members called it a family habit, for it had been indulged in by his famous uncle, Lord Salisbury, when he was in the Commons. That Lord Salisbury always leant on something when speaking, and as he was a big man, it had to be something substantial. Once, at Birmingham, he nearly pushed over the platform rail on which he was leaning, being saved only by the warning cracks of the rail as it gave way.

A good orator can make considerable use of his hands. Sometimes it is gesture, sometimes mannerism. Mr.



HOME FOLK CALLING Sto. Leslie Henson

CALLING the submariners' Leslie Henson. Not only is he Henson by nature, but Stoker Leslie Henson, of Blacklock Terrace, West Hartlepool, is Henson by name, too.

When we called to see your folk we found Pop scraping a few whiskers off prior to going on "afternoons." He said something about your razor having gone out to catch a few mice, but we wouldn't like to interpret this—just in case we got on the wrong tack!

The folk at home are fit and well, Les, and they told me that since you left home they've had more eggs than ever before. The hens are laying splendidly now, but your position as unofficial coop-raider seems to have been occupied by "Tin" and Stanley.

These bright brothers of yours sit outside the coop waiting for the welcome cluck, and, while the egg is still red-hot, they pick it up and pop it into the pan for tea.

Whether they do this to con-

found the hens' or to make them lay another because they weren't quite sure whether the first attempt was an egg or not, we couldn't find out.

Stan is still working at the dairy, and your other brother, Bill, was expected home on leave from the R.A.F. when we called. Derek has been made captain of the Elwick Road Football Club, and "Tin" is still secretary and captain of the Lister Street XI.

St. Paul Says:

AND I, brethren, when I came to you (at Corinth), came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power:

That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought:

But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory:

Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.

But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

Odd pieces tell a tale

Air Correspondent,
PETER VINCENT,
puts together the
wreckage of a 188

THESE events took place months ago. Only now, however, is it possible to tell the story of how some of Goering's latest toys got left over here, revealing a few interesting secrets.

An enemy bomber, shot down by an R.A.F. night fighter, is screaming down to earth. Its pilot lies dead at the controls, a bullet through his head. The rest of the crew have baled out, ten thousand feet ago—all but one.

As the plane nears its terminal velocity he struggles with his parachute harness clip—it won't fix properly.

It seems to be curtains for just another Luftwaffe plane, just another of the bomb-the-hell-out-of-them-man-woman-or-child blokes coming earthwards for the last time.

But not to the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm experts.

For this is a Junkers 188.

That means one of Germany's fastest and newest bombers. She was brought down in a raid on the South-West coastal area.

These technicians could find only odd pieces here and there, but it is the odd pieces that count when a man who knows what they mean is on the job.

The bomber bores its way earthwards.

With great difficulty the airman climbs through an open escape hatch and jumps. He pulls the rip-cord—nothing happens. He tugs at it frantically with his remaining strength.

This reconstruction of events was given to me by R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm experts while we were examining the wreckage of the 188 a few hours after it had been shot down.

The bomber and one member of its crew, whose parachute had failed to open, landed within forty yards of each other.

Three others parachuted to safety. They wandered around until they arrived at a farm, where they gave themselves up to the farmer, and were given tea.

At the local police station, the two Germans refused to speak to the third member of the crew—an Austrian.

The silver-and-grey splodged fuselage of the bomber was battered almost flat. Its pilot had been found with a bullet through his head.

Two hundred yards away an Oerlikon 20 mm. cannon had come to rest in a tree, its barrel bent in half. The field, which was part of a large country estate, was covered with bits of wreckage and smelt of warm, wet oil.

A Naval air mechanic retrieved the remote control compass from a nearby orchard. We examined the bomber's A.S.I. It read up to 700 k.p.h., but, as the Lieutenant said, the only time the 188 ever reached that speed was on its last trip down.

Home Guard officers were detailing sentries to guard the wreckage—it had been quite a raid, and the local H.G. had their hands full guarding nearly a score of crashed bombers all over their countryside.

The two B.M.W. 901 radials were dismantled and taken away. They will be carefully examined, and any unusual design, faulty workmanship, or new use of ersatz materials, will be reported to the correct quarter. Then, when all the remains have been carefully studied, they will be sent for scrap metal—if the metal is found good enough.

In the opinion of the experts, the 188 was a well-designed medium reconnais-



Where the Pavements End MARSON MARTIN'S COUNTRY CALENDAR

RACK'S CLOSE used to provide a finer crop of blackberries than any place for miles around. The thick thorn-hedges that enclosed it were smothered with strangling bramble which had sent out runners until almost the whole field was studded with dumpy, straggling bramble clumps. Here it was that the village children came with their baskets to pick the plump berries as soon as they turned black; their mothers knowing well that, if the excursion were delayed, the late-gathered fruit would not jell in the pan, excepting only after prolonged and wasteful boiling. Here, the time-hallowed custom of three in the basket and one in the mouth was duly observed by the children, the while the number of their scratches and the spread of the purple stain on their fingers and faces mounted in strict ratio with the rising tide of fruit in the baskets.

But this year there was no blackberry crop in Rack's Close. The children were obliged to go further, and they certainly fared worse.

This year, in Rack's Close, the thick hedges are cut back, the ground has felt the breast-pushing of the plough, and Felix, in perfunctory fashion, in July, broadcast turnip seed across the roughly broken ground.

So that to-day the village has seen a strange sight and heard a sound uncommon in these parts: a flock of sheep is folded in Rack's Close. They came, huddling, pushing, bleating down the village street, past

The Stores, past the policeman's cottage, through the churchyard, and into the field of turnips.

It will not take them long to eat their way through the field. And, as they eat, their copious droppings are putting heart back into the land, and, at the same time, their absurdly delicate hooves are constantly churning the wetted soil into a fruitful mud.

How closely they crop, as they push their hard, cold muzzles this way and that over the flattened tops, grubbing the half-fattened roots. No wonder at all that in the days when Royal Forests were stocked with red deer, and certain manor farmers had admitted claims to graze their livestock in them at permitted seasons, sheep were invariably excluded from the bargain, for, being such close grazers, they could not fail to injure the pastures and thus prevent the young deer from thriving. But Felix doesn't bother his head about that to-day, for this habit of sheep, which was once such a handicap, is to him and his purpose a positive virtue.

Spread across the dark green of the gorse, across the stubbles and the clover grounds, is a thick lacing of cobweb on these late November mornings. Caught in the meshes of each rag of web are glistening dew-drops, and, when the sun gets up, a brisk evaporation will carry the gossamer web into the upper air, from which it can sometimes be seen descending in showers like thistledown.

TAKE A DEKKO AT NEW YORK'S 1,400 CINEMAS

Harold A. Albert provides
a Running Commentary

IF you went to a different cinema in the New York area every day, it would take you four years to make the round, and by that time there would be some new ones!

On Manhattan Island alone, hub and centre of the American metropolis, two hundred and thirty "theatres," as they call them, strive eternally for public favour.

They are lined along 42nd Street like booths at a fair, each so overlaid with advertising, with neon lights and glaring bulbs, that you can scarcely see the box-office.

They march round the corner into Times Square, and on along Broadway. When their lights go out the Great White Way is darkened, and when they flash on again at half-past nine in the morning there are always some humans to take seats at reduced prices.

sance bomber, an improvement on the 88, but suffering from the use of inferior metals and alloys. The workmanship was also not up to the standard required for British aircraft.

An R.A.F. sergeant told me that he had examined fourteen similar wrecks in the past few days. "But I never get tired of it," he said, "because I know that every Jerry we dismantle here is one less against the lads over there."

Personally, I made a bee-line for the Radio City Music Hall. It is the largest cinema in the world, and for once truth keeps level with reputation.

The foyer is so sumptuous that you can sit and wait for the house to empty in comfortable armchairs, situated in a decorative atmosphere of black and gold mirrors.

There is also a monster exhibition of the best amateur snapshots of the year, held under newspaper auspices.

Past attendants selling sheet music, past programme girls rigid as sentries, there are lifts and waiting-rooms and magnificent staircases.

Beyond that come foyer after foyer, each of more surpassing magnificence than the first... but the humble patron pays for all this grandeur.

In still higher lounges, many cinemagoers wait in queues, like penned animals, beneath notices that curtly command, "Silence! Thank you!"

There are 5,000 seats, and these are insufficient.

When you finally acquire one at New York's highest prices—8s. for the front of the circle and 4s. for anywhere else in the house—you face the larg-

est screen in the world, and, ultimately, the world's best-trained chorus.

These stage shows have justly acquired a remarkable reputation. Apart from the spectacular revue on the main stage, walls open out for incidental scenes on little stages popping up in every nook and corner!

... AND PALACES.

By comparison with such vastness, the lobby of the Roxy resembles nothing more than the space beneath the dome of St. Peter's. You gasp at the same gleaming marble floors, the same giant pillars.

On the stairways, costly carpets set off costly paintings. Inside the cinema, on either side of the proscenium, two sweeping stairways leading to a mock Juliet's balcony scarcely leave room for an organist. So he sits aloft in the lobby, discoursing music to patrons.

Across the road, at the Paramount, the entrance is grander than Buckingham Palace, and, I imagine, founded on the same theme, with its sweeping staircase and thirty-two marble columns. But with one difference. You find it in the Tudor smoke-room of the Paramount.

They've set a mechanical scoop game beside a set of

Finish the Job

MANY photographs which have been carried successfully through the purely photographic stages of picture-making are spoilt by being given a poor finish.

Trimming is a straightforward procedure once you have overcome the usual tendency to leave in too much. Some reluctance in trimming down a large print to a small one is only natural, but this is often the only way to obtain satisfactory results.

It is advisable to select your picture from the print in hand by means of two L-shaped strips of card. When you have the desired picture framed by the strips, run a sharp pencil around them and then trim down.

Incidentally, whether you use a penknife, razor blade, or a stylish guillotine, always make sure your print is quite dry before trimming, or it will probably tear.

Of the many methods of mounting photos, possibly the most popular is by means of mounting corners. They are obtainable in varied patterns and colours, and may, of course, be used for any size of print. Their simplicity enables me to omit any further mention of them.

Albums or mounts with slits cut ready to receive prints are not recommended for any but the beginners, as they make unrestricted trimming impossible.

By far the best way of attaching a print to a mount is the dry-mounting method, on which some details and suggestions will be given.

The general idea is that a sheet of mounting tissue, which is thin paper coated on both sides with a thermoplastic resin, such as shellac, is sandwiched between print and mount. Heat is applied, the resin softens, and the union is made.

For the amateur, the necessary equipment consists of a packet of dry-mounting tissue, costing a few pence, and a household flat-iron.

Lay a piece of tissue on the print and trim the two together. If the print has already been trimmed, the tissue must be cut to the same size (or slightly smaller). Just touch the tissue with a warm iron so as to fix it to the print, and then arrange the two in the desired position on the mount. Lift one corner of the print without the tissue and again apply the iron. The three are now fixed in position, and it only remains to finish off by overall pressure with the iron

**DEREK
RICHARDS'
PHOTO-
FEATURE**

on the print. Make sure you press with the iron—never rub it over the print.

Most of the difficulties in dry mounting are experienced through having the iron at the wrong temperature. If it is too hot the tissue will stick to the mount and not to the print, and if too cold the tissue and print will marry whilst the mount stays single.

The correct temperature for mounting is a little lower than that of boiling water, and this fact may be made use of by standing the iron in boiling water for a few minutes before the operation. A quick wipe, and it is ready for use, and guaranteed at the right temperature.

If you are just sticking photos in a scrap-book, beware of ordinary gum. Many types turn acid with keeping and will affect the photographs. Starch paste is good, as are many of the commercial preparations on the market. Seccotine is said to be injurious, but I have used it on numerous occasions with no ill effects.

Many beginners are disappointed on making their first prints because, although they bought glossy printing paper, the glaze is not nearly as high as those processed by their D. and P. merchants.

This is easily explained and easily remedied. The professional uses similar paper, but dries his print on a glazing drum. Such an instrument is well out of reach of the average camera fan, but glazing can be carried out by merely "squeezegeeing" a wet print on to any highly polished surface and allowing it to dry. If all goes well it will drop off when dry, complete with glaze.

Suitable surfaces are provided by glass or polished metal, such as the ferrotype plates made for this purpose. One photographer I know uses the side of his car far glazing prints, but this calls for an extra "spit and polish" first.

Grease is the greatest trouble in glazing, and most defects are due to this or some other form of dirt.

Glazing solutions may be made or purchased, and are said to improve the results, though I must admit I have never bothered with them myself, and have never run across any snags.

armour, and a sweetmeat slot contrivance and a weighing machine against the Jacobean cupboards!

At the M.-G.-M. house, the Capitol, I attended an "Owl Show." As the owl is a night-bird, the show opened at midnight. There are some cinemas open the clock round in New York. "All-nite," as they announce it.

There are some cinemas with a mere five cents (2½d.) admission. Some sandwich strip-tease between the pictures, while others run "child park" creches for the kiddies.

WHERE'ER YOU ROAM.

At least one house attracts motorists: "Drive in—stay in your car—see the show!"

Bad films are a greater menace in America than in Britain. Scores of dreary second-feature pictures circulate throughout the States, but mercifully they don't cross the Atlantic. They have given rise to a new film fans' movement, the "Down with Doubles" League.

Only in America could movie-maniacs picket the cinemas with signboards and the slogan, "One good film is better than two bad ones."

And yet there are houses with a triple and even a quadruple bill. Some cinemas change their programmes three or four times weekly. Anywhere in America, four weeks constitutes a record run, and the showman with only two

pictures to last him a week is asking for trouble.

In thousands of houses, independent or on circuit, Bank Night has emerged as a national institution. Or it may be Cash Night, or Jumbo, Screeno, or Bingo, Money Night or Buck Night. Whatever it is, the result is the same.

Streamers across a cinema facade announce "Bank Nite ToNite, 2,500 Dollar Jackpot!" The queues form for the prizes, not the pictures.

Bank Night is the young brother of our own old concert party lotteries. All through the week cinemagoers sign their names in the theatre's book opposite a given number.

On Bank Night, tickets bearing corresponding numbers are placed in a drum on the stage. The master of ceremonies draws one, announces a number, and if the lucky person appears within three minutes he claims the prize.

If he isn't in the house that night, the cinema manager boosts up the kitty by another hundred dollars and brings in the crowds with another Bank Nite, and another, and another, a lucky number drawn each time until some regular cinemagoer turns up trumps at a performance.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE Allied advance in Northern Italy put the spot-light for a few days on the tiny republic of San Marino, situated a few miles southwest of the Adriatic holiday resort of Rimini, which is well known to stamp collectors for its many pictorial issues. Its history is less familiar to us than its stamps, and I was glad recently to refresh my memory with a few facts retailed in the New York journal, "Stamps."

This independent State within Italy was the smallest sovereign country before the state of the City of the Vatican was established in Rome by the Treaty of the Lateran between Italy and the Vatican in 1929.

Its area covers only 38 square miles, while its population amounted in 1942 to about 15,000, most of the residents living in the towered citadel, the city of San Marino, which is built on top of the highest of the seven hills of Mount Titano (2,650 feet), which dominates and overlooks the fertile plain towards the coast of the Adriatic Sea.



The foundation of the city of San Marino is ascribed to a Dalmatian stone-cutter, Marinus, who, after having left his picturesque island, Arbe, crossed the Adriatic Sea, landing at the now famous beach of the sea resort Rimini. This happened more than fifteen hundred years ago, towards the end of the fourth century.

Since 1862 San Marino has been under the protection of Italy, but preserved its independence. A new Treaty of Friendship with Italy was concluded in 1899 and renewed as recently as 1939. The Republic has extradition treaties with England, Belgium, Holland, and with the United States, and joined Italy in 1915 in the war against the Central Powers, but, not having been admitted to the Versailles Peace Conference, remained technically in a state of war with Germany for many years afterwards, when a pro forma settlement was arranged through the good offices of Italy.



San Marino has only a small police force, but the "Militia" comprises all able-bodied men between the ages of 16 and 55. The budget of the Republic amounted to about six million lire during the fiscal year 1938-39, and there is no public debt—a singular financial achievement for our modern days.

The chief exports of the country are, besides building stones and marble, a good quality wine and special breeds of cattle.



The sovereign independence of this small but freedom-loving State is validly reflected in its own coins and in the issue of its own postage stamps, the frequent changes and the picturesque series of which became a fruitful source of revenue for that country and replaced the financial benefits previously derived from the conferring of nobility titles by the republic for a consideration.

Reproduced in this column is a set of beautifully engraved stamps depicting the painter Vandyke and five of his best-known works, which was issued this year with a surcharge for the Belgian Red Cross.

Good Morning

PULBOROUGH

Five-year-old Nola Wood is never so happy as when her daddy asks her to bring in the farm horses from the pasture. What's strange—the horses don't seem to mind.

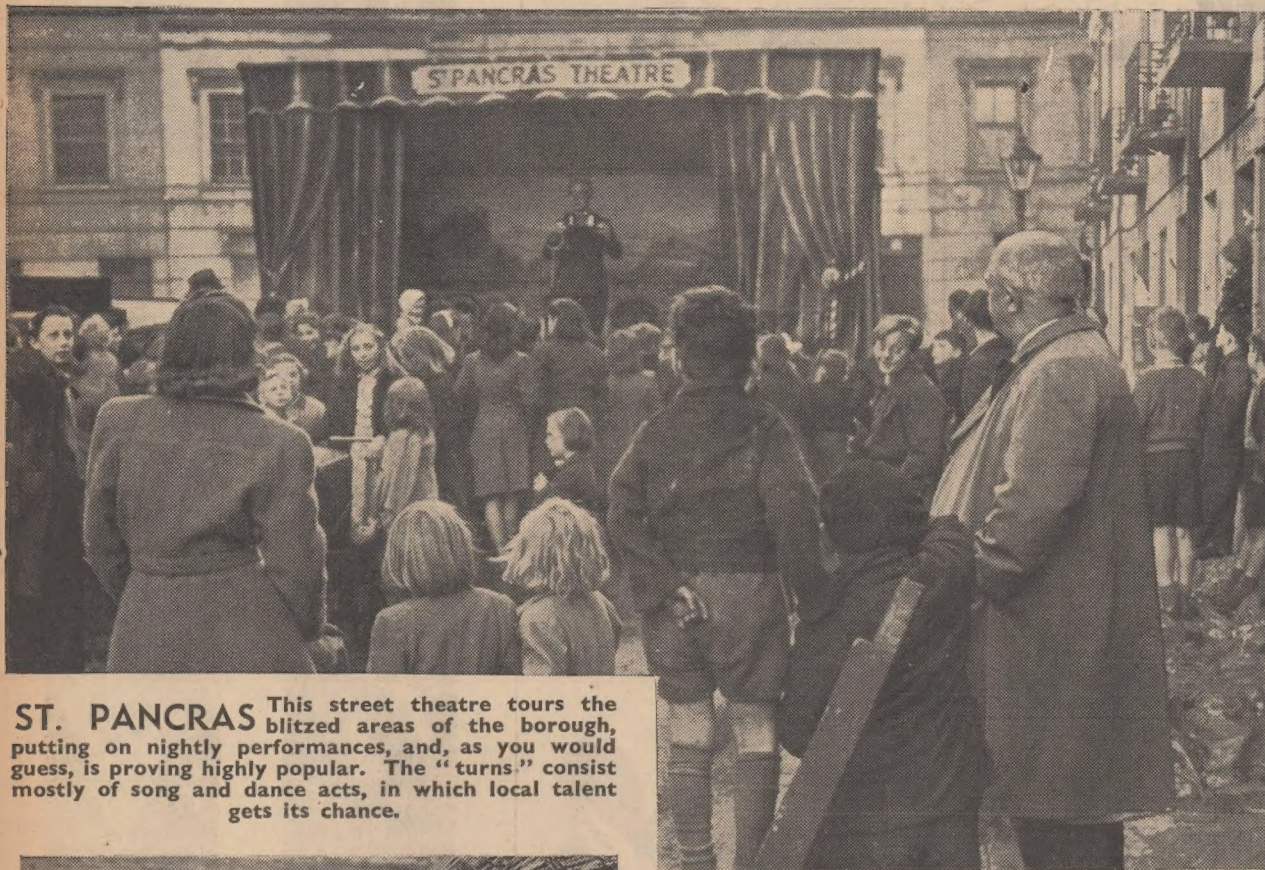


Home Town Pictures

GRANDMA'S "RAG-TIME" BAND



SUFFOLK Mrs. Smith, of Gt. Barton, beats the bass drum in the band that has been formed by a group of enthusiastic villagers. They tour the neighbourhood playing patriotic numbers and Suffolk folk-music, in aid of war charities.



ST. PANCRAS This street theatre tours the blitzed areas of the borough, putting on nightly performances, and, as you would guess, is proving highly popular. The "turns" consist mostly of song and dance acts, in which local talent gets its chance.



NEWCASTLE A toy cargo from America arrives at a local store and, sure enough, a child is already on the spot taking a pre-Christmas peep. It must be a sixth sense that leads kiddies to hidden toys!



BRISTOL Mr. Rowland Norris, of Northwick, certainly knows how to catch salmon. He places his putchers (wicker trumpets) in the Severn and waits for the fish to swim into the trap. His father and grandfather used this method before him.



WOODFORD N.F.S. girls practise for a novel "Going to Bed" race, an entertaining and hilarious event on Sports Day. Competitors have to change into pyjamas in the middle of the course and finish the race carrying lighted candles.